

27, 1917

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Life

COOKS' NUMBER

NOTICE TO READER
After reading this copy place a 1 cent stamp here, hand
same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the
hands of a soldier or sailor at the front. No wrapping;
no address.—A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.



THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

FISK TIRES

Non-Skid on All Roads in All Seasons

IT'S the tread! The rains of autumn are just ahead and the snows of winter are not far off—the period of the year when your safety and peace of mind must be assured by tires that *actually* prevent side slipping.

Fisk Non-Skid Tires give this surety on all roads. They hold fast on hard, wet, slippery surfaces, and take a firm grip for the pull ahead on softer roadbeds. They are the ideal all-year-round tire.

Examine this illustration

The basic principle of Fisk Non-Skid protection is perfectly simple. When you understand it you will realize why Fisk Non-Skid Tires are the only auto tires that furnish such complete protection.

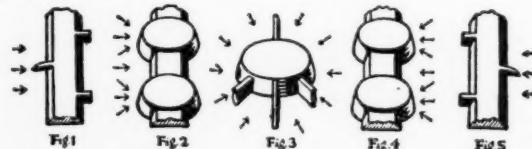


Fig. 1 is the outside rib that makes an uninterrupted counter against direct side slipping or skidding—Fig. 5 is the same protection on the other side of the tread.

Fig. 2 is the outside row of buttons, connected by a second rib of solid rubber. The buttons, which are slightly higher than the connecting rib, offer perfect resistance against skidding and, because they grip the road so firmly, make the pull forward in

soft ground ever so much more positive and certain—Fig. 4 has these identical qualities, but from the opposite directions.

Fig. 3 is the master button around which the Fisk Non-Skid tread is constructed. It supplies resistance against slipping in any direction—no matter which way there is a tendency to skid there is always a flat resisting surface to prevent that skidding and to assist the sure forward movement of the wheel.

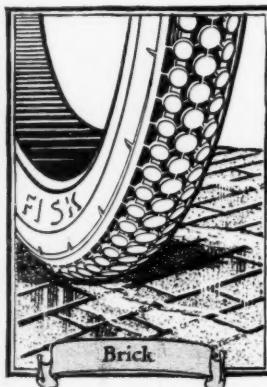
When you buy a Fisk Non-Skid you are getting more than temporary anti-skid protection. The buttons *wear*—they preserve the non-skid character of the tire through month after month of usage.

There is an extraordinary amount of mileage in the buttons alone, and throughout their entire long life you have the perfect protection which makes Fisk the safest non-skid tire you can buy.

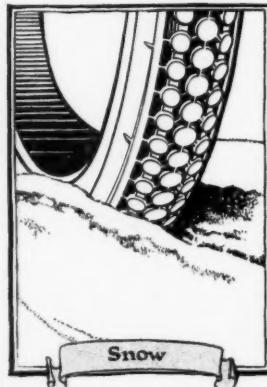
The Company behind the tire, its ability and eagerness to make the best product it knows how to build, the Fisk policy of insisting that users shall have full satisfaction and the product itself which embodies and justifies the policy—these explain why Fisk is the best dollar-for-dollar tire value now for the motorist.

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere

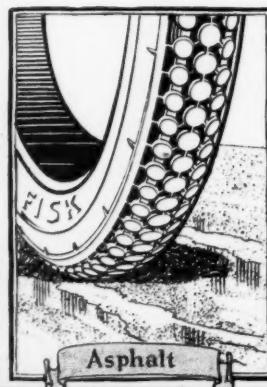
and by 130 direct Fisk Branches in principal cities. Wholesale distributors in Texas, The Fisk Company of Texas—Houston, San Antonio and Dallas. In Canada, James Walker Hardware Co., Montreal; Breen Motor Co., Ltd., Winnipeg; Fisk Tire Agency, Calgary; John Millen & Son, Ltd., Vancouver; and Dominion Automobile Company, Ltd., Toronto. In Porto Rico, The Fisk Tire Store, San Juan. In Hawaii, E. O. Hall & Son, Honolulu. In the Philippines, Yangco, Rosenstock & Co., Inc., Manila. In Cuba, Cuba Importation Company, Havana.



Brick



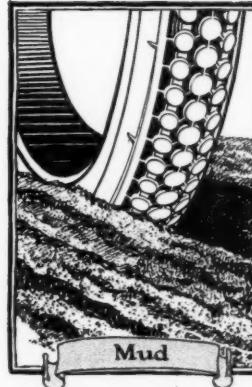
Snow



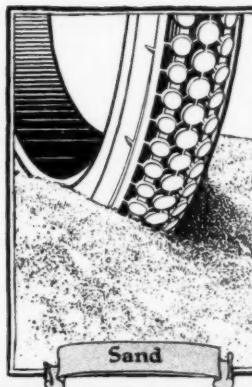
Asphalt



Macadam



Mud

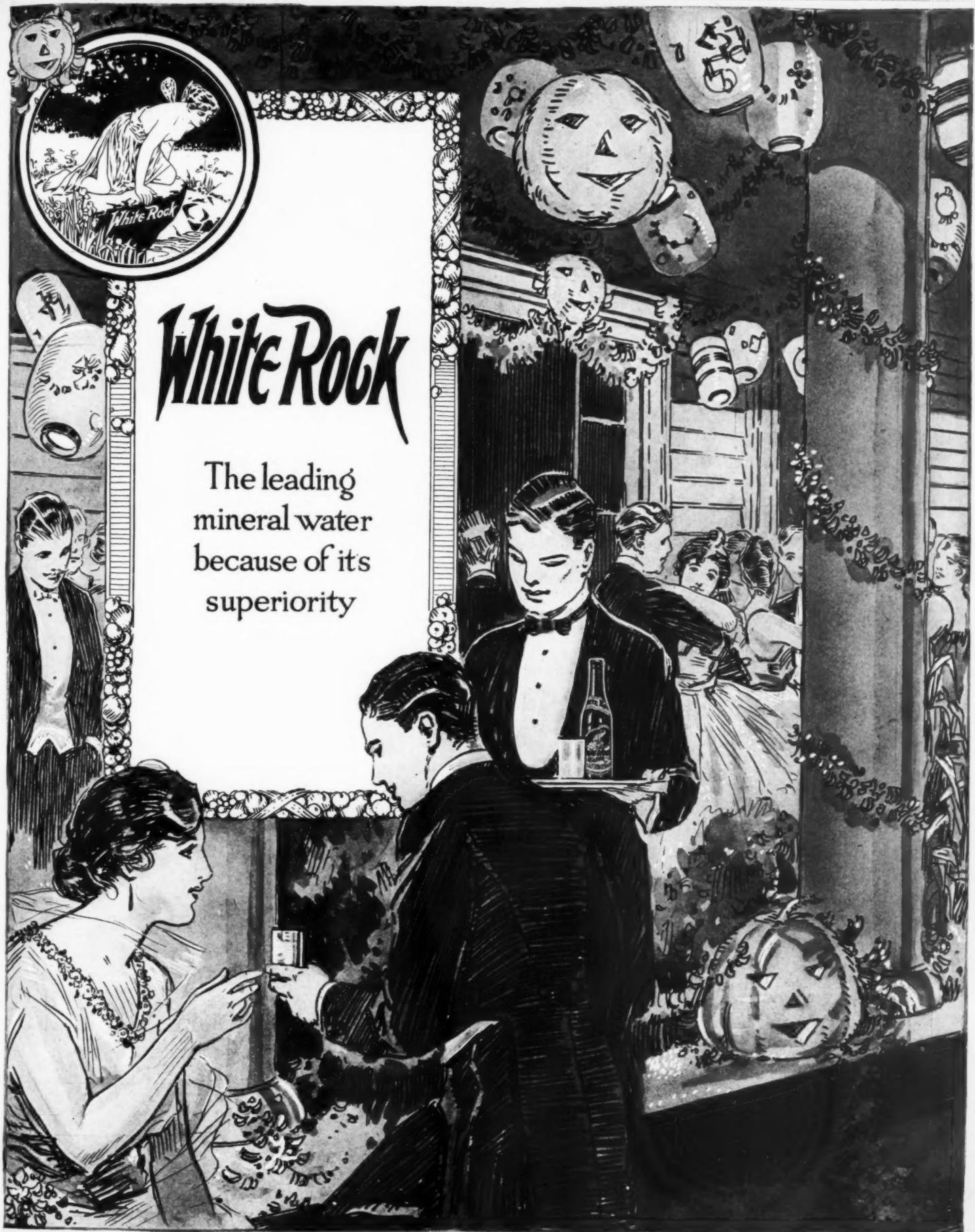


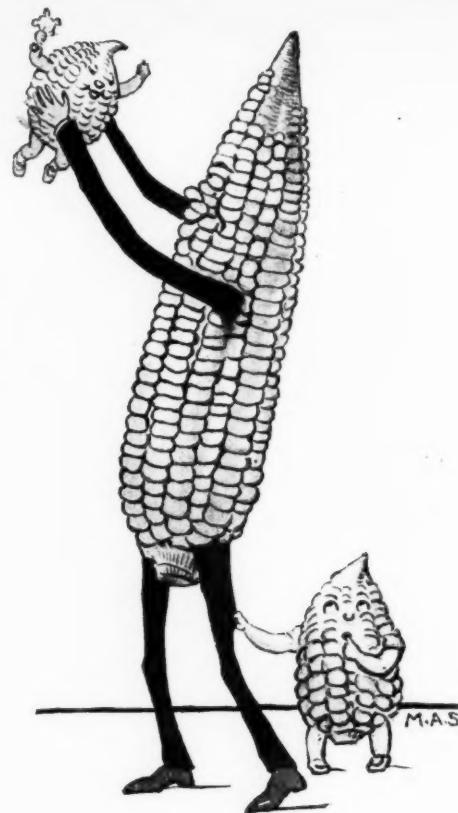
Sand



White Rock

The leading
mineral water
because of its
superiority





POPPER CORN: My boy, we
may win the war.

Thus spoke the head of one of the largest families in America, as, returning home from his trip to Kansas, he warmly greeted his youngest ear. His eldest ear, however, who had remained strangely silent at his feet, said at last: "Yes, sire, we must give our last kernel. But, meanwhile, by becoming regular subscribers to LIFE, and thus keeping continuously cheerful, we shall also be performing a patriotic duty."

"Granted," said Popper Corn, who had his back turned even then to the atrocious coupon in the corner, which gives the sordid figures open to all would-be subscribers.

Meanwhile, have you sent
for a copy of Miniature LIFE?
Costs you only a good two-cent
stamp. Do it now.

Open only to new subscribers; no sub-
scriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 10
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Special
Offer

Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
\$1.26). Send LIFE
for three months to

LUCKY
STRIKELUCKY
STRIKE

Guaranteed

by

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

YOU must always think of our
Guarantee on every package of
Lucky Strike Cigarettes as a direct
personal message from The Ameri-
can Tobacco Company to you—not
a mere business formality. Read it;
this is what it says:

GUARANTEE

If these cigarettes are not in perfect condition,
or if they are not entirely satisfactory in every
way, return the package and as many of the
cigarettes as you have not smoked, to your
dealer and he will refund your money.

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

You couldn't ask for anything
more complete, sweeping or un-
reserved, could you?

You are protected, the dealer is
protected: everyone who pays his
money for Lucky Strike Cigarettes
is given the squarest deal that plain
English can define.

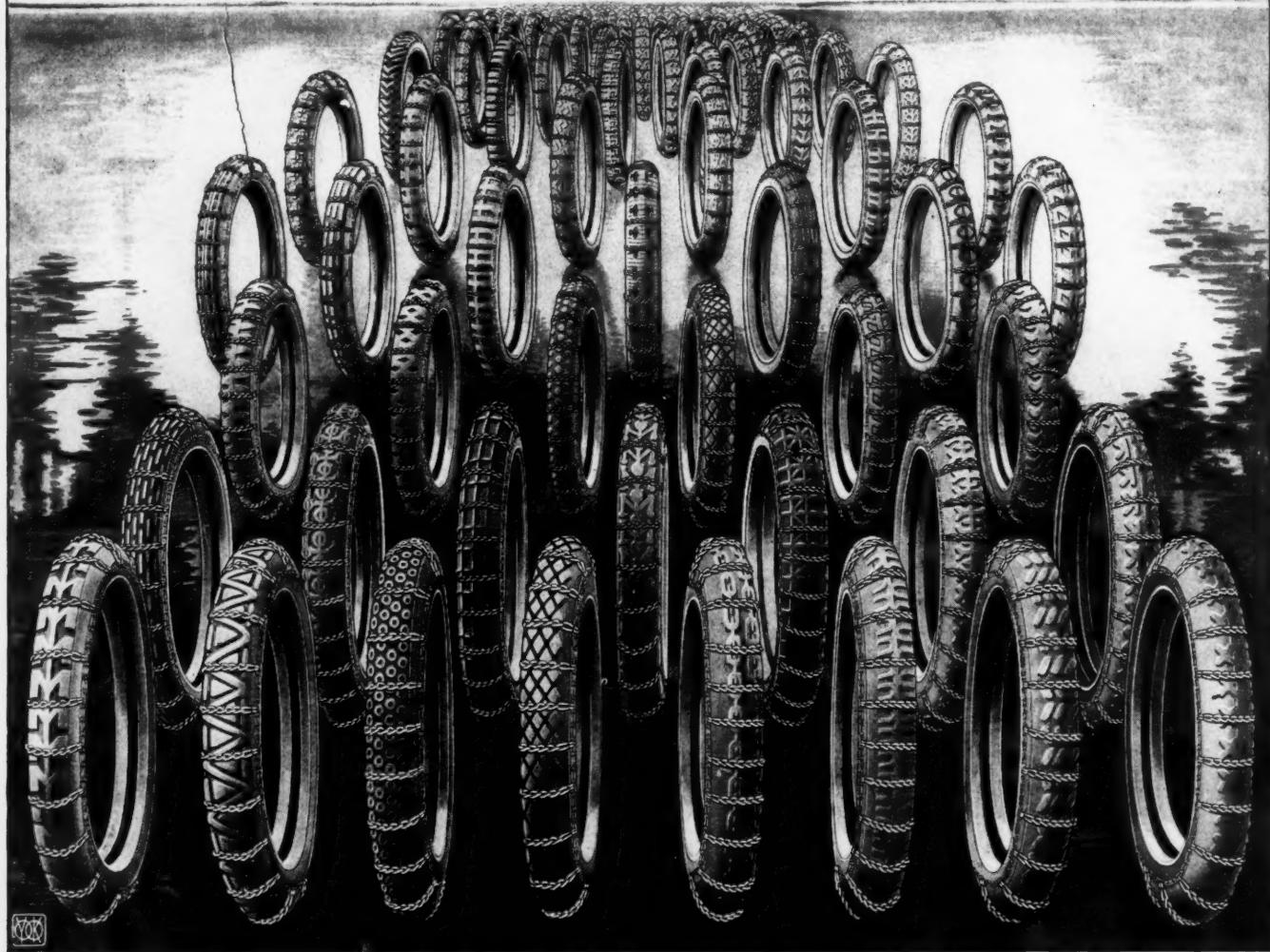
Isn't it a satisfaction to you to buy
goods in which the manufacturer's con-
fidence is so completely expressed, and
the dealer's confidence so thoroughly
backed up?

It's Toasted

LUCKY
STRIKELUCKY
STRIKE

Copyright by The American Tobacco Company, Inc., 1917.

Weed Anti-Skid Chains Make All Tires Behave



THE ABOVE ADVERTISEMENT WAS SUGGESTED BY A CAR OWNER

who has the best interests of motoring at heart. Experience taught him that tire chains are the only mechanical device yet invented that is absolutely dependable to make slippery roads safe.

We want more suggestions for the campaign to insure motoring safety for everyone. The campaign which is of immediate, personal concern to every man who wants to protect himself, his wife, his children—from the driver, always ready to take the gambler's chance. We want *your* ideas.

Help Us Insure Motoring Safety for Everyone

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Incorporated
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

THE COMPLETE CHAIN LINE—ALL TYPES, ALL SIZES, ALL FINISHES—FROM PLUMBERS' SAFETY CHAIN TO SHIPS' ANCHOR CHAIN



LIFE



*Bridget: I'LL NOT STAY ANOTHER MINUTE. YE'RE MEAN AN' SPITEFUL AN' CRANKY AN'
SUSPICIOUS, AN' IF YEZ DON'T BELAVE ME, ASK YER HUSBAND*

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1916, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty years. In that time it has expended \$161,919.26 and has given a fortnight in the country to 38,190 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$10,042.30
Sunday collections during August at Camp Winnepeaukee.....	6.80
D. F. Owen.....	5.00
Mrs. Margaret Fowler.....	100.00
"In memory of O. H. W.".....	5.00
In memory of J. B. C.....	7.50
Chas. W. Burton.....	3.00
<hr/>	
	\$10,169.60

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Box of boys' clothing from Mrs. T. W. Moore, Huntington, W. Va.

Cucumbers and tomatoes for all the children, also a package of children's clothing, from Mrs. Hawes, Branchville, Conn.

Eight dozen tennis balls from Mr. Reynolds Brooks, Southampton, L. I.

Extracts from the Cook Book of the Future

In view of the food shortage, Prof. Weldner, an agricultural expert at Passau, Bavaria, advises the people to eat grass. He says that palatable dishes may be made from red clover and alfalfa.—*News item*.

SHINGLE PIE.—Run four small weather-beaten shingles through the meat-chopper. Mix thoroughly with molasses and powdered seaweed, and insert between pie-crusts. Garnish the upper crust with carpet tacks, and bake in a slow oven.

MINCED PLASTER ON TOAST.—Remove two square feet of plaster from the kitchen ceiling. Parboil in acidulated water for two hours. Place in colan-



"EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, FOR TO-MORROW YOU'LL BE BORN"

der and allow cold water to run through for ten minutes. Dice and place in frying pan with one chopped green pepper and one-half cup of sporting sections from the New York *Evening Post*. Brown on both sides and serve hot.

CANDLE-ENDS EN CASSEROLE.—Split one dozen candle-ends and remove the wicks. Pass hurriedly through the potato masher, and mix into them two sparrow eggs, a quarter of a pound of sawdust, a quarter of a teaspoonful of beef extract and a dash of witch hazel.

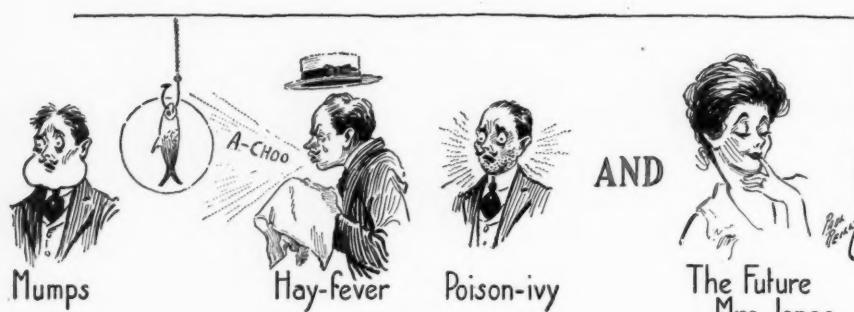
Stir thoroughly and place in the casserole in layers. Between each layer sprinkle powdered paint of any desired color. Cook until it looks safe.

SYNTHETIC FRENCH TOAST.—Soften a two-inch pine plank by pounding it with a hammer. Blend one-half cup of mucilage with three tablespoonfuls of machine oil. Saw the plank into the desired lengths, soak in the mucilage, and fry in deep fat.

MOCK HAM SANDWICH.—Boil a small piece of ham rind for one hour with two dog-biscuits, a piece of automobile cup-grease the size of a walnut and a pint of rain-water. At the end of one hour remove from stove and add one tablespoonful of gelatine. When cool, cut into slices, paint each slice pink, and serve between bread.

STUFFED TENNIS BALLS.—Take one-half dozen last year's tennis balls and simmer on the back of the stove for two hours. When tender, divide each one in halves and fill with equal parts of chopped maple leaves, birch bark and milk-weed. Powder with violet talcum and serve as an *entrée*.

Kenneth Roberts.



WHAT JONES CAUGHT ON HIS VACATION



Uncle Sam: WOULDN'T IT BE WISE FOR YOU LADIES TO GET OFF? THIS ANIMAL HAS BEEN KNOWN
TO LOSE PATIENCE

Why Do They Keep the Money from the Children?

WE have no doubt that in their respective walks of life DAVID H. MILLER of Georgetown, Connecticut, DANIEL DAVENPORT of Bridgeport, Connecticut, DR. R. W. LOWE of Ridgefield, Connecticut, and certain relatives and employees of Mr. Miller are very estimable persons. This intensifies the mystery of their action, or inaction, as trustees under the will of the late Edwin Gilbert of Redding, Connecticut.

In Mr. Gilbert's will he left in trust three hundred shares of the Gilbert Manufacturing Company with the following instructions: "The dividends and income thereof to be used for the support and maintenance of the work carried on at said LIFE Farm," referring to LIFE's Fresh Air Farm at Branchville, Connecticut.

This income has been accumulating in the hands of trustees since December, 1910. The accumulations now amount to considerably more than ten thousand dollars lying in bank to the credit of the trustees.

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund has repeatedly requested and demanded of the trustees, but without result, that the income accrued and to accrue be devoted to the work at LIFE's Farm in accordance with Mr. Gilbert's charitable intentions.

Under the laws of the State of Connecticut they cannot be compelled to fulfill this duty.

LIFE wonders what advantage accrues to these gentlemen through their failure to carry out Mr. Gilbert's charitable intentions.



The Veteran: READ THAT OVER AGAIN, MARY! THE PART WHERE SON TELLS ABOUT THE FIGHT



"FIDO'S BEEN BAD, MAMMA. HE BROKE INTO THE PANTRY AN' ATE EVERYTHING BUT TH' DOG BISCUIT!"

"DON'T you think we would better teach our girls to run the house and do the housework?"

"But at this critical time can we afford it?"

"I SEE that skirts are to be worn shorter than usual."

"But, my dear, all the skirts I have seen recently are already shorter than usual."

Conversation Between Two Blondes

"CAN you can?"

"I can. Can you?"

"I couldn't, but I can now. How long have you been canning?"

"Ever since canning came in. Did you can then?"

"I couldn't, but I can now. I knit and then can. Can you?"

"Oh, yes. When I can't can, I knit also."

"How much have you canned?"

"I can all I can, and then can some more."

"Don't you ever run out of canning?"

"No. As fast as I can, I get more canning."

"I get as much canning as I can, but even then I could can more than I can can."

"Well, some day you will be able to can as much as I can can."



HOT WATER



HOT AIR



STEAM

Why Not Have Conservation of Operations?

SO long as we have to economize, why not apply the principle to operations, as well as dress goods and food? We surely ought to have the fullest opportunity to die in other ways besides being operated upon. That people do die from being operated upon, and that many operations now being performed are not at all necessary, even the experts themselves are willing to admit.

For instance, Dr. Arthur Dean Bevan of Chicago, who declares that "I give way to no man in my admiration and respect for the splendid work that is being done by American surgeons," also says:

"On the other hand, those who are in touch actively with surgeon therapy,

who see a large number of surgical cases and who come in contact with a large number of men doing surgical operations, cannot but be impressed with the fact there is a certain considerable number of operations being performed in this country that are unnecessary and unwarranted."

Why, indeed, should this not be so?

There are no restrictions placed upon surgeons with regard to operations. Every successful operation, no matter whether it is really necessary or not, adds to the prestige of the surgeon. If, on the other hand, the patient dies, the reputation of the surgeon does not necessarily suffer. And he is handsomely paid—even for his mistakes.

Moreover, the surgeon has to make a living, and he must learn to perfect himself in all of the various things which help him to make a living. Among these may be mentioned a good bedside manner, a perfection in the means of frightening the patient, and a greater absorption in what is termed the "scientific spirit"—which means an increased disregard for human life.

Couldn't Fool Him

"I WANT to get a pair of corsets for my wife."

"Yes, sir. Jim, hand me down a pair of thirty-five-inch ones."

"Why, how did you know her size?"

"Any woman who allows her husband to buy her corsets always has a thirty-five-inch waist."



NIGHTMARE OF AN OUT-OF-TOWN VISITOR WHO SPENT THE AFTERNOON AT THE ZOO AND THE
EVENING AT A CABARET

At School to Russia

IT may be that the greatest service Russia is to do the world is to teach it not to be a fool. Time was when she was expected to do a big bear's part in beating Germany. And she did it for a while, but that detail of her usefulness has not been working well lately.

But since, just in time, she caught her pro-German conspirators and fired her Czar, she has been giving a wonderful exhibition of the kinds of democracy and democratic behavior that is not safe in this world.

The common run of Russians seemed to think that they had abolished authority and could get along without it. They *had* abolished it, but their efforts to do without it have not been encouraging. As soon as they had bowed out authority and established it that one man was just as good as another and should not take orders from him, they began to be walloped by every general they came up against.

For military purposes there have to be bosses. Those Russians who needed to find that out are discovering it. In peace, too, they would have discovered, not quite so soon, but promptly, that bosses are necessary, for Russia cannot be fed and clothed, any more than she can fight, without a management that has authority and can enforce it. It is necessary that somebody should have not only brains and training, but power to keep order and command obedience. Russia has plenty of food and materials and workmen, but we read that her industrial and transportation systems have broken down, and people are starving because provisions cannot be brought to them. Of course they are. We read that even before the revolution the workmen in the factories agreed together that they were all as good as their managers, and



Near-Sighted Old Lady (knitting for the soldiers): THIS NEW YARN I'M USING IS THE BEST I'VE EVER HAD

should all receive managers' wages. And they did for a while, because the need for their work was urgent, but presently, of course, the factories shut down.

So we read of Russian soldiers who allowed that it was



The Mother: GOODNESS! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KITTY?

"I GAVE HER SOME O' MY MOLASSES CANDY AND SHE CAN'T GET HER MOUTH OPEN."



"HIS ACTIVITIES COVERED A WIDE RANGE"

Menu for an Economical Dinner

(As household writers are doping it out)

SOUP: Cream of doormats à la broom-handle.
Olive juice and wooden nutmegs.
Crayfish (stuffed with burdock).
Turnip salad.
Sawhorse steak and mush.
Chips (hickory, not potato).
Frozen cornstarch pudding with mucilage sauce.
Pignut coffee (demi-tasse).
Toothpicks (*ad libitum*).
(A small amount of each of these will suffice for a family of sixteen persons.)

Modern

MAMMA, what does it mean when you're wined and dined?"
"That's an obsolete term, Harold. Now you are only grapejuiced and cornbreaded."

only fair that they should have a turn of duty in the war office and that the war-office clerks should take a turn in the field. Asked what they would do in the war office, they said, "Sharpen pencils, loaf and smoke cigarettes, the same as those there now."

So the caretakers in the museums were for discharging the directors, saying, "We are the real directors of the museums. We take care of them."

Years ago somebody said that the United States had the most discontented workers in the world, but was not in danger from them, because they had education enough to know what was possible and what was not.

That is precisely what the mass of the Russians do not know, and are learning, we hope, at so much expense. They see that they have inherited the earth, but have very little idea of the price of working it. In a modern industro-agricultural country management, of course, is indispensable. The God which is Nature will make a seed sprout, and it may grow to be a cabbage or a tree, but Nature does not make a factory pay or a country prosper. The God for matters of that sort has to be a man, and his orders, when he gives them, must be carried out.

Germany's submission to trained industrial direction was in great part good. It increased wealth so that there was an enormous distribution. When the war came everybody in Germany was getting more and more of the comforts and luxuries of life. The mass of the people were gulled by their government, Mr. Gerard says, but still they were getting so much out of German prosperity that they were willing to endure a meticulous supervision and support the government that directed it. The trouble was that they opened



"WHAT A NOBLE BEAST! WOULDN'T HE
LOOK BULLY, STUFFED!"



"NOT ONLY LOOK, BUT FEEL BULLY,
THANK YOU!"

their mouths so wide that they had to shut their eyes. They lost their political sense of right and wrong, gave over their minds to be stuffed like their bodies, gave up self-government and let their management conduct them to perdition.

Germany is an example not only of what to avoid, but of how to obtain. Russia, for the moment, is an example chiefly of how not to do it. Germany has made popular submission abhorrent in spite of its advantages. Russia has made freedom ridiculous in spite of its glories. But Russia is like an airplane starting with a green airman at its wheel. She will fly straighter presently. And perhaps in due time Germany will be able to combine her national gifts of obedience and submission with a new political conscience.

E. S. M.



A FAILURE

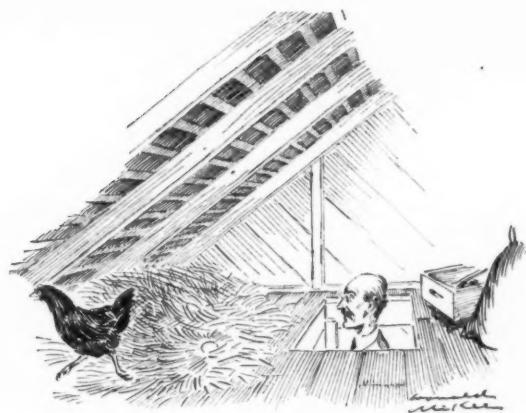


WHY IS IT?

A SUCCESS



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD 18
ON THE NIGHT OF MOLLY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY THE PROFESSOR TRIES TO FIND A QUIET NOOK



"ANOTHER EGG! THAT BRINGS ME WITHIN THE INCOME TAX."

An Exercise for Pupils

HERE'S an exercise in rhetoric for the pupils of the School of Journalism

A paragraph in the August *Review of Reviews* reads:

Bismarck, the great figure of Europe of the nineteenth century, as many frank utterances show, personally believed that the great fabric he had constituted would in the end gravitate towards freedom.

What ails that paragraph, pupils? When you discover, report to your boss, Dr. Talcott Williams, who wrote it.

And you will profit if you read the whole of the article that contains it, and which tells how the German Empire has menaced Democracy. It is a first-class article.

Completing the Job

"THERE goes Inkleton, the great inventor."

" Didn't he invent a clever machine to destroy all the U-boats? "

" Oh, yes. He's only waiting now to have the government reject it."



"WAITER, IS ONE PORTION OF MASTODON STEAK ENOUGH FOR TWO?"
 "WELL, IT OUGHT TO BE, UNLESS YE AIN'T HAD NOTHIN' TO EAT IN TWO OR
 THREE DAYS."

Sauce

YE Gastronomic Epicures,
 Cheer up and cease repining!
 Though much the Patriot abjures,
 There still is joy in dining.

And if ye bear with fortitude
 Your culinary losses,
 The Chef will salve the tasteless food
 By dressing it with sauces.

With brown sauce, white sauce, *sauce Espagnole*,
 Orange sauce, anchovy sauce, mushroom sauce, *Créole*,
 Olive sauce, tartare sauce, *sauce béchamel*,
 Butter sauce and lobster sauce, *maitre d'hôtel*.

With sauces one could eat a snake,
 A cat or dromedary;
 And goat is much like venison steak
 When cooked in port and sherry.

And even veal can mask as game
 In wine with stock to thicken;
 While chanticleer, in *sauce suprême*,
 Resembles guinea-chicken.

Egg sauce, mint sauce, *sauce hollandaise*,

Currant sauce, curry sauce, *sauce mayonnaise*,

Shrimp sauce, oyster sauce, *sauce maitelote*,

Russian sauce, onion sauce and *sauce ravigote*.

Béarnaise exalts the humble scrod,
 And all the daily papers

Declare that shark surpasses cod
 When likewise served with capers.

And liquids yellow, brown and red,
 Combined with rites auspicious,
 Transform a pudding built of bread
 To something quite delicious.

With hard sauce, vanilla sauce, *sauce apricot*,

Foamy sauce, brandy sauce, *sauce bergamot*,

Thick sauce, thin sauce, *sauce vinai-grette*,

Sauce piquante, tomato sauce and
 creamy *sauce poulette*.

Arthur Guiterman.

The Tragedy of Mortal Mind

WHEN we met him he seemed sad,
 which surprised us greatly.

"What can be the matter, old man?" we asked. "You, who are usually so joyful, seem cast down."

He shook his head mournfully.

"Alas!" he murmured, "it is my dear wife who troubles me. My heart aches for her."

This surprised us all the more.

"How could such a thing be possible?" we exclaimed. "Isn't your wife a Christian Scientist?"

"Oh, yes; that's the trouble." You see, it's this way. When she first took to Christian Science, she was one of the most popular women in the community—as, indeed, she is now—but she made the fatal mistake of telling everybody what she had done. The result is that she is now permanently disabled—knocked out—all in."

"What can you mean?" we asked in astonishment.

And he sighed deeply as he replied:

"Why, don't you see that she had no excuse for not accepting invitations? When anybody called her up and asked her to play bridge or go to a luncheon party or take dinner or walk ten miles or go to a conversazione she could not plead that she was sick, that she had a bad headache, or in fact, that there was anything on earth the matter with her. Being a Christian Scientist, she had to admit that she could go anywhere and do anything."

Pressing his hand in silent sympathy, we left him alone.



A DINNER DANCE



ADDING INSULT

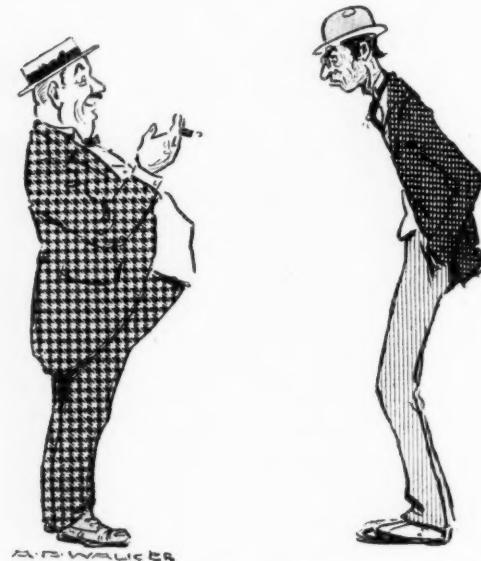
Marching Song

WHY all these chaps in khaki clad,
Parading in the street,
So brisk, so bright, so shining glad,
So filled with gay conceit?
What brings them out?
What keeps them here?
How long's to be their stay?
Oh! Listen now! Incline an ear!
What's that I hear them say?—

"We're out to bust the Bundesrath;
"You feel our tread: That's why!
"We're out to send the Bundesrath
"A-kitin' in the sky!
"The Bundesrath's the tool of kings;
"We're out to get its goat,
"And help the Reichstag rout the
rings
"And rouse the German vote."

THE Germans are not getting many compliments these days; but, after all, the French and British enthusiasm for American intervention in the war is a great compliment to German military efficiency.

"DOES he come of good stock?"
"The best—all his vices are hereditary!"



The Optimist: WE WON'T WORRY THIS WINTER ABOUT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING. MY WIFE HAS CANNED ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED JARS OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

The Pessimist: BAH! I BET YOU FIFTY DOLLARS MOST OF IT SPOILS.



Mistress: IT'S ONLY FAIR TO WARN YOU, BRIDGET, THAT MY HUSBAND SWEARS A LITTLE SOMETIMES.

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MUM. SO DO I."

Next!

WE hereby urge upon Congress the desirability of insisting upon the government control of cooks, with a maximum scale of wages.

But in doing so we desire it to be distinctly understood that we should not make the change immediately, or so precipitately as to upset the financial fabric without which we could not, of course, exist as a nation.

The following simple rules are suggested, as a beginning:

Every cook should know how to cook. This will be a radical departure from practice, but by insisting upon it, it is hoped that the national health will be improved enough to balance the expense of calling in the militia, if necessary, to enforce the rule.

No cook shall receive any higher salary than the husband of the lady she is working for.

Cooks shall be paid by the results of their efforts, and not for time. Any cook who works in a family for a year, and has kept away all doctors, will receive an appropriate bonus.

A High Mark

"IS your new cook extravagant?"

"Fearfully so; she couldn't be any worse if she was one of my daughters."

September



WOMEN COPS, IN CLEVELAND WEAR TROUSERS.



NO TATTOOED MEN FOR SECRETARY DANIELS



THE LATEST FALL STYLES.



SPECIAL DELIVERY



DOCK DER KAISER.



MAROONED UNTIL AFTER THE WAR.



OCTOBER 4, 1917.

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 70
No. 1823

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



No flavor of brass tacks in either answer.

On the contrary, hot air, and then more hot air, suggesting that the two war-lords conceive of His Holiness as a flue, but varied with many pious compliments from Kaiser Hapsburg.

Kaiser Charles seems a well-meaning kid-emperor. He has not been on the job long enough to have done any formidable crimes that one knows of. He came to it in bad weather and has been busy every minute since, avoiding shipwreck. No doubt he wants peace extremely, and especially, as he mentions, a peace that will "give security to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy for its unhampered future development." He wants negotiations, reduction of armaments, removal of present impediments to convenient navigation, compulsory arbitration of international disputes, and other blessings, all to be secured by the creation of appropriate guarantees.

It is quite possible that Kaiser Charles might get his negotiations if there was no one to consider but him and his countries. The Allies would as lief make peace with him at any time, and would doubtless give him as fair terms as Italy could be persuaded to assent to. But he suffers from the dreadful embarrassment of complication with the other Kaiser and his band of criminal associates, whose word,

our President says, cannot be taken as a guarantee of anything that is to endure. So his response to the Pope amounts to no more than this: that he will be only too happy to assent to any reasonable peace plan that will suit the Allies, the minute his imperial brother William will let him.



AND what does Kaiser William say?

Answering through his chancellor, William points out that for twenty-six years he maintained an appetite for peace that amounted to greed, and kept up a good army so as to be sure to have it. After getting into war against his desire, he was the first to call for peace negotiations. Now he agrees with the Pope that "in the future the material power of arms must be superseded by the moral power of right." He thinks well, he says, of limitation of armament, and arbitration of international differences, and avers that his government will in this respect "support every proposal compatible with the vital interest of the German Empire and people."

He goes on to make a truthful statement. "No people," he says, "has more reason than the German people to wish that instead of universal hatred and battle, a conciliatory, fraternal spirit should prevail between nations."

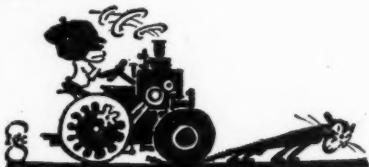
Now that is so. You might think he would go on to say—"and I don't wish to stand in their way, so I'll get out."

Nothing of the sort. The Kaiser makes no such suggestion. He has been most conspicuously instrumental in making the Germans the most detested people on earth, and he realizes that that is not a condition of happy augury for them; but when it comes to helping them out, all he finds to say is that he is a nice man and has always done right.

This leaves the Germans in the unfortunate position that President Wilson has described. With the Kaiser for their spokesman and negotiator, the only way for them to get peace is to beat the Allies. Before all the nations can be sheep, the wolves must be put out of business, and the German wolves first of all, for they are by far the most savage and destructive.

"The object of this war," says President Wilson, "is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government."

It cannot be said that that object is furthered by Kaiser William's reply to the Pope, except in so far as it demonstrates that Germany must find some other peacemaker before the war can end.



THERE is complaint of Judge Cohalan for advising Germany to attack the English with Zeppelins to support the Sinn Fein rebellion in Ireland, and to take other suitable measures to make Casement's enterprise succeed. The dispatch communicating the judge's suggestions is one of those that our government has been giving out. Judge Cohalan does not admit that it represents him truly, but it is quite in keeping with sentiments which he has long publicly professed, and it seems as if he must have forgotten it.

But why complain? Cohalan and



"MONSIEUR WOULD PERHAPS LIKE ZE PRETTY POST-CARD TO SEND TO ZE—
ZE CHÉRIE IN AMERIQUE?"

"POST-CARDS? HELL! I'M A-GOIN' TO SEND 'ER A BUTTON OFF OF THE
KAISER'S SHIRT."

most of the other Sinn Feiners have wanted all along to have Germany whip England and take Ireland away from her. These alleged activities of Cohalan happened before we were at war with Germany, and while it was still as lawful for Americans to aid one belligerent as another. The judge is shown up as an English-hater somewhat more vividly than before, but in an Irishman in New York that is not a crime. The Bar Association says it can't do anything about it, and the legislature, which has power to dismiss him from the bench, is not likely to use it on this occasion.

The chief value of the disclosure is that it shows that Cohalan's judgment about Irish rebellions is bad. Besides that, as between Germany and England, three-fifths, and probably three-fourths, of the Irishmen hereabout are for England and the Allies, and will not be pleased with Cohalan's conduct. It is their opinion that is important to Cohalan.

Cohalans are Ireland's misfortune. England has tens of thousands of warm friends in New York, but nine-tenths of them are also heartily concerned for the betterment of Ireland. Americans generally are concerned for

Ireland, and want her grievances to be cured, and are a constant influence of great weight towards curing them. But they are not helped by persons who conspire to line up Ireland against the Allies.

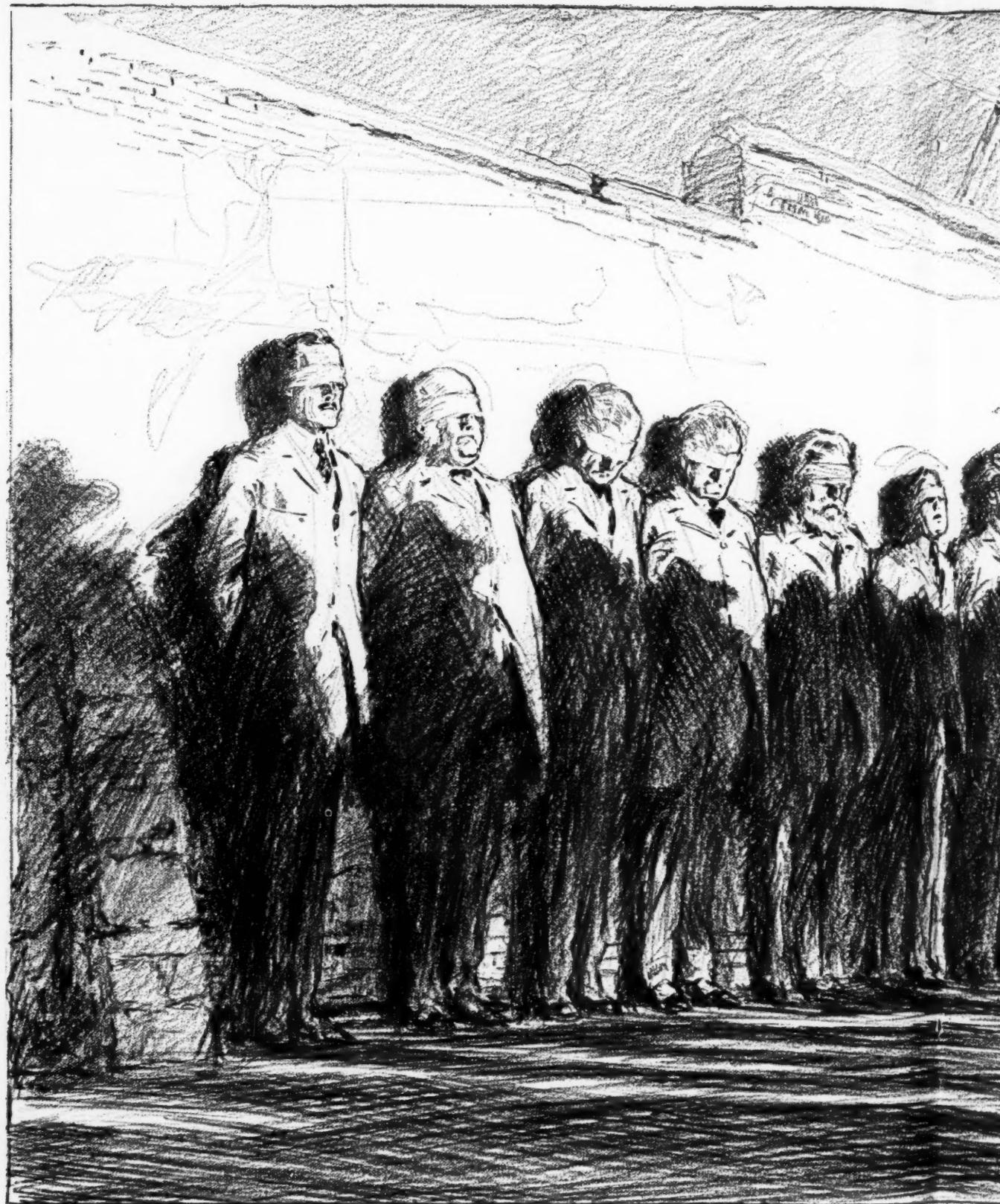


MAJOR MITCHEL won in the Republican primaries by a slender majority, which at this writing has dropped two-thirds by discovery of mistakes, and is still dwindling. But there is to be a recount, and that may increase it.

Hon. Sam Untermyer is for Hylan, the Tammany candidate, and is, indeed, his leading supporter. This may surprise some people who inferred that Mr. Untermyer's intimacy with the Federal administration had purified him enough to make him prefer Mitchel, but the government of the City of New York is a very large interest, and Mr. Untermyer doubtless considers that he should have more of a hand in arranging it than he is likely to get under Mitchel. He is a much more formidable politician than Murphy, and we will probably do well to accustom ourselves to think of him as, nowadays, the real boss of Tammany Hall.

It is hard to conduct a mayor's race with proper spirit in New York while our energies are so much engrossed with war, but Mayor Mitchel cannot re-elect himself, and if it is to be done we must do it.

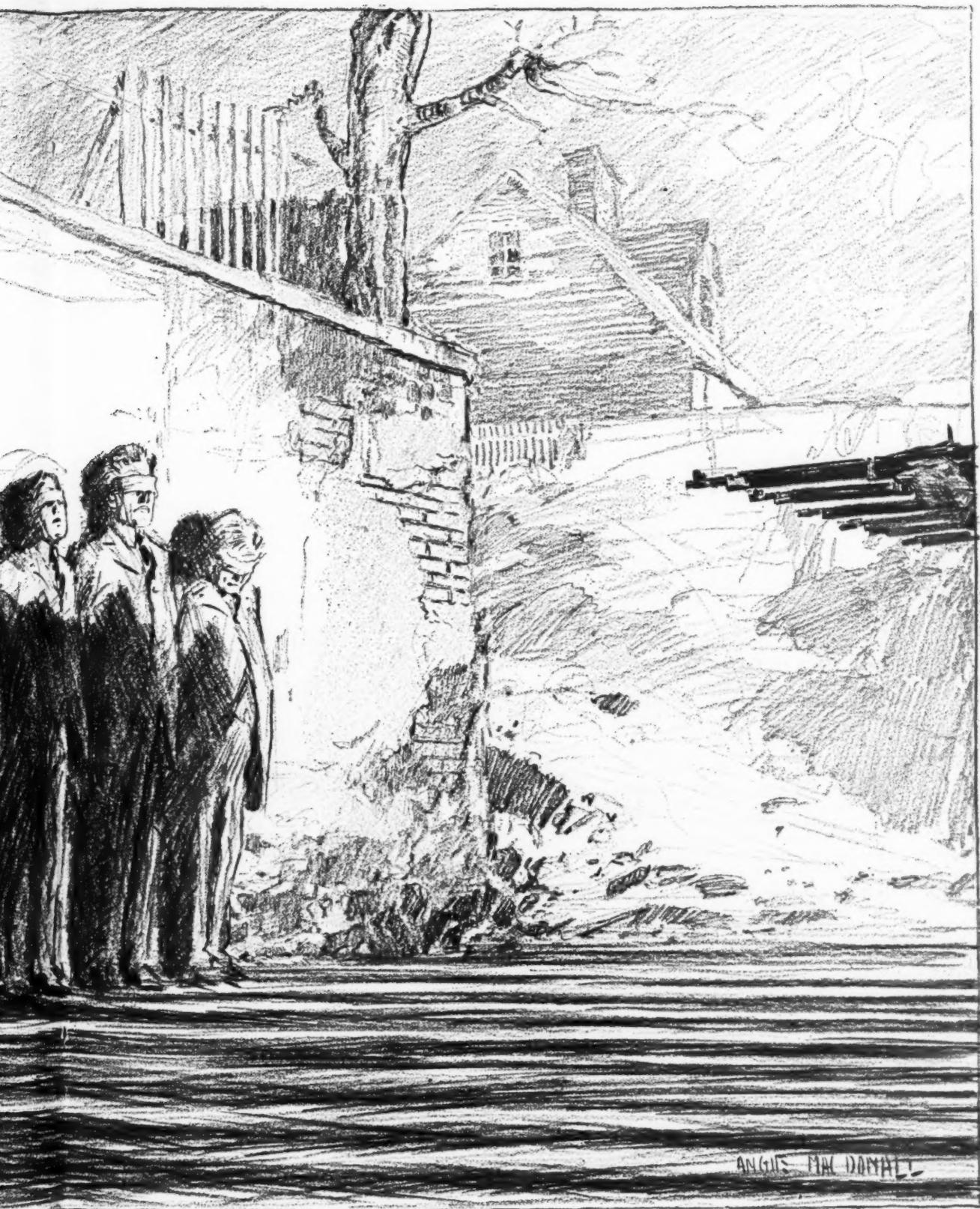
Mr. Mitchel has made mistakes, committed indiscretions of speech, and disclosed in office an appreciable degree of human fallibility. But he has been a first-rate mayor, the best, on the whole, that New York has had in the memory of voters now living. It will be a great political misfortune if he fails of re-election and the city is turned over to Untermyer, Murphy and Hearst. The man who at this writing is doing most to bring that about is Mr. Bennett. It is understood that personal animosity impels him to beat Mitchel, and if he splits the Republican vote he may do it.



How to Deal with Certain Arr

FOR THE PROTECTION OF OUR BOYS AT

LIFE



with Certain Army Contractors

SECTION OF OUR BOYS AT THE FRONT



THE BIRTH OF A NATION



Fashionable Dressmakers and Other Criminals

THE management of the very pretty and comfortable Morosco Theatre gathered the New York critics in solemn conclave on a Sunday evening, at a preliminary performance, to pass judgment on "Lombardi, Ltd.", the latest play from the pens of the fertile Hattons.

Judging by the tone of the consequent reviews, the play suffered from not having the critics mixed in with a regular paying audience and subject to the subtle something supplied by mixed, rather than selected, humanity. Expert critical judgment should be above mysterious and indefinable influences, but it does not require a student in the psychology of crowds to know that there is some curious difference in the performance of a play before a special audience in place of one that is made up of all sorts of elements.



"Lombardi, Ltd." is really more worth while than it was reported to be. The plot creaks through the crude way some of its episodes are dragged in, and the effort to be "smart" is obvious in a good many of the lines. In its entirety it is a fairly good picture of the frivolities of the dressmaking world as it has been created by the fashionable geese whom it clothes and the underlings who ape the silly manners of its silliest patrons. By way of contrast to the dross which makes up most of the showing, the authors have laid in some streaks of not entirely incredible sentiment and some indications that the way of the transgressor is hard. No one will ever take "Lombardi,

Ltd." to be an inspired study of even the frivolous side of existence it portrays, but it is a diverting effort in the line of up-to-date theatrical picturing.

The cast is made up of names not overly familiar to Broadway, but it has been expertly chosen with a view of the suitability of the persons to the characters they represent. Mr. Morosco is an adept at this selection, which is, of course, opposed to the old theory that the artist should adapt himself to the rôle. In the present condition of the art of acting the Morosco method seems to be the better, if not the only one. Perhaps the part of *Lombardi*, the dressmaker hero, was written about the personality of Mr. Leo Carillo, but it is a long one, and one that would be most difficult without the natural equipment that Mr. Carillo so successfully joins to it. Most of the other characters are of the other sex, and in the present close alliance of the art of the dressmaker and the art of the stage the young women in the cast apparently find it easy to reproduce what they so often encounter in daily life.

If, as is so often stated, women make or unmake the success of plays, "Lombardi, Ltd." should succeed through its appeal to New York's vast army of fashionable dressmakers and their female patrons.



REGARDLESS of faults of method or perfection in accomplishment, there is the interest in whatever the Washington Square Players undertake that attaches to anything out of the ordinary. We are prepared for a certain crudeness and to be bored when they become too high-browed, but they are refreshing in their breaking away from conventionality and in their spirit of youth. In "The Family Exit," by Mr. Lawrence Langner, they have enlisted the services of some professionals of an older vintage than their own, but the blue



PUPPY LOVE
"HONEST NOW, BOYS, AIN'T SHE A PEACH?"



OPENING DAY AT THE COON HOLLOW DISTRICT SCHOOL

"DO ANY OF YOU KNOW WHERE THE REST OF THE SCHOLARS ARE?"
"PLEASE, TEACHER, THEY ARE 'DOING THEIR BIT' AS MASCOTS."

claret aroma is still present. It is a farcical comedy with many laughs to atone for its risqué episodes and some clever character representations. Among the latter are those of a gentleman who resorts to all sorts of measures to shake off his relatives by blood and marriage, smoothly played by the veteran David Higgins; his devoted mistress and then wife, charmingly done by Alethea Luce, and two delicious spinster cousins, by Elizabeth Patterson.

If one does not expect too much high finish, and is not too squeamish about farce material, there is a lot of fun to be found in "The Family Exit."



ONCE more to criminal melodrama. We have it in "The Scrap of Paper" starring Mr. Robert Hilliard as a malefactor of great wealth. It is a pity Mr. Hilliard's manager could not have secured Colonel Roosevelt to make a speech at the first performance, for, in the ruthless conduct of Mr. Hilliard's *Masterman* and his multi-millionaire associates, there was vast inspiration for the Colonel in his capacity as dramatic critic.

The pursuit of the incriminating paper which blows out of the window in the first scene carries us into various places and into contact with strange persons. The most interesting of these is a confessed crook and confidence man, "Handsome Harry" Mack, admirably impersonated by Mr. Edward Ellis. The most charming is Kirby Rowland, attractively embodied by Carroll McComas, one of our younger actresses who is showing pronounced artistic talent. The others, ranging from telephone girl to detective, are familiar in the strenuous world of melodrama, and reproduced with even more than usual faithfulness in exaggeration. The only variation is a newspaper reporter whose like has never been encountered in or out of melodrama. Mr. Hilliard is as clean-cut and forceful as usual, the abilities of Mr. Russ Whytal are wasted on a reproduction of the senior Rockefeller as he is pictured in the press, and Mr. Robert Strange, graduate of the W. S. P., is a not important detective.

Just for old sake's sake "The Scrap of Paper" is worth seeing, unless you have reached that sere and yellow stage of existence when good old melodrama with crooks and bulls has lost its power to thrill.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"The Very Idea." Story of the stork working by proxy along eugenic lines. Laughable farce, well done.

Belasco.—"Polly with a Past." Ina Claire made the charming star of an amusing, polyglot, farcical comedy.

Bijou.—"Saturday to Monday," by Mr. William Hurlbut. Notice later.

Booth.—"De Luxe Annie." Crooks and crime tangled up in a psychological melodrama. Incredible, but interesting.

Broadhurst.—"Mr. Bernard Shaw's 'Misalliance.' Notice later.

Casino.—Closed.

Century.—Closed.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Highly amusing and well played farcical comedy.

Comedy.—"The Family Exit," by Mr. Lawrence Langner. See above.

Cort.—"Mother Carey's Chickens." Notice later.

Criterion.—Mr. Robert Hilliard in "The Scrap of Paper." See above.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." Another episode in the laughable career of those enterprising merchants, Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter. This time they embark in a moving-picture venture.

Empire.—"Rambler Rose" with Julia San-derson and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn. A girl-and-music show of the most conventional type.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Hitchy-Koo" and Mr. Raymond Hitchcock. The star at his best in a brilliantly staged and laughable girl-and-music show.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Land of the Free" with Florence Nash as the star. Notice later.

Fulton.—"Branded," by Mr. Oliver D. Bailey. Notice later.

Gaiety.—"The Country Cousin," by Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Julian Street. Humorous drama, approved by two presidents of the United States, and demonstrating the newly discovered truth that country virtue is superior to city vice.

Garrick.—Closed until its opening as the "Theatre du Vieux Colombier."

Globe.—Moving pictures.

Harris.—"Daybreak." Drama of a lady with a jealous husband and a perfectly regular baby whom she can visit only on the sly. Emotionally interesting.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." The big and brilliant show for the people, tinged with a lot of patriotism.

Hudson.—"Good Night, Paul." Conventional farce with musical embellishments. Fairly amusing.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. George Arliss in "Hamilton." Interesting in its characters and atmosphere, but not impressive in the acting.

Liberty.—"Out There," by Mr. Hartley Manners. English war play with Laurette Taylor as the delightful enthusiast for service.

Longacre.—"Leave It to Jane." Not tremendously amusing musical version of "The College Widow."

Lyceum.—Mr. Belasco produces "Tiger Rose." Notice later.

Lyric.—"The Masquerader," with Mr. Guy Bates Post. Drama of a dual character impersonation. Ingenious and fairly well done, but not convincing.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Experience." Last week of the spectacular modern morality play.

Maxine Elliott's.—Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." An ingenious dramatic story, fairly well told and better acted.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd.," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. See above.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." Closing weeks of the interesting dramatic exposition of the fact that a young American may go almost to the devil and yet strike the back trail.

Princess.—"Oh, Boy." Diverting musical tit-bit for the light-minded.

Republic.—"Peter Ibbetson." Du Maurier's interesting dream story successfully dramatized and well played.

Shubert.—"Maytime." Musical comedy of a higher-than-usual type. Clean, interesting and well done.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Mary's Ankle." Trivial farce, moderately amusing and not half as wicked as its title might suggest.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1917." Big and well presented girl-and-music show, not intended entirely for the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Cabaret for those who are able to stay awake after the theatres.

They Need All That We Can Give



CLAUDETTE GERBAULT,
BABY 1407



DENISE MATHONNAT,
BABY 1405

TO LIFE every day, almost every hour, there comes an appeal from some organization, some committee, or some energetic individual in behalf of a war charity or kindred work. Some of these are appeals from sources well accredited and for objects LIFE would like to assist; others are for purposes obviously frivolous or of doubtful utility in these times of serious need; others are apparently for the selfish interests or glorification of their promoters.

As it is, LIFE finds that its energies in this direction can most effectively be devoted to the assistance of the French war orphans. The need is unlimited, and grows greater every day the war continues. We know that the funds go directly and without diminution to the alleviation of distress. The money of LIFE's contributors not only helps the suffering mothers and children of France, but it is a practical testimonial of America's friendship for that afflicted country and efficient aid towards preserving its future. LIFE would like to help every worthy cause connected with war relief. For the present, at least, it must confine its efforts to a work it knows to be doing substantial good.

Readers will please note that the portraits we print are of children already provided for by contributors to the fund. Some of them are so attractive that they excite a generosity confined to that particular child. We would be obliged if such contributors would leave it to us to assign the contribution to some other child not already provided for.

We are obliged to repeat that we can no longer forward gifts to the children or their mothers, except in the form of money.

We have received \$126,194.48, from which we have remitted 710,237.45 francs to Paris.

We gratefully acknowledge from

Madelaine Lynch, Hampton Lynch, Simpson Lynch, Russell Lynch and Jack Lynch, New York City, for Babies Nos. 1689, 1690, 1691, 1692 and 1693.....	\$365
J. S. Todd, Lake Mahopac, N. Y., for Baby No. 1694.....	73
N. O. Nelson, New Orleans, La., for Baby No. 1695.....	73
D. H. Grandin Milling Company, Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 1696.....	73
Mrs. William Walker, Shields, Pa., for Baby No. 1698.....	73
Mrs. W. S. Charnley, Sewickley, Pa., for Baby No. 1699.....	73
Charles Holt, New York City, for Baby No. 1700.....	73
Caroline Marie and Barbara, Highland Park, Ill., and Marie Fourth and Cynthia, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1701.....	73
Mrs. Margaret E. Bunker and William Bunker, Ridgefield, Conn. for Babies Nos. 1702 and 1703.....	146
"G. S. L. Alameda, Cal." for Baby No. 1704.....	73
J. A. Mitchell, New York City, for Baby No. 1705.....	73
Edith H. Gordon and Jane Sands, Philipsburg, Pa., for Baby No. 1706.....	73
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E. N. II., Merion Station, Pa., for Baby No. 1708.....	73
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H. P. A., Framingham, Mass., on account of Baby No. 1210.....	12
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill, Greybull, Wyo., on account of Baby No. 1365	3

BABY NUMBER 1679

Already acknowledged	\$71.55
Mr. and Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Centre, Mass.....	1.45

BABY NUMBER 1657

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Already acknowledged	\$35.47
Mr. and Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Centre, Mass.....	4.55
G. H. Cannan, Rochester, N. Y.....	5
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Thomas J. Davis, Alameda, Cal.....	5

BABY NUMBER 1697

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K. E. Society of Onondaga Valley, N. Y.....	\$36.50
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HENRI COUTET, BABY 8, AND
VICTOIRE, BABY 10



ALBERT SOULARD, BABY 1512



PIERRE TERASSON, BABY 1167



"NO', WILLIE, I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS CASTOR OIL LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BOY."
 "BUT, MAMMA, IF I'M A GOOD LITTLE BOY I DON'T NEED TO TAKE IT."

Financial Item

REDUCING the price of coal and wheat, and possibly other necessities, is a war measure which pleases many people. It is probably, in the circumstances, the wisest and best thing to do. But what we really want is a government order increasing the purchasing power of money. We want a dollar increased in value to about a dollar and a half. If the government can do this for us, then we shall be happy.

And if it works the first time, then we can keep right on. In a few years we will be able to buy twice or three times as much for the same amount, and pay all the taxes in the bargain.

Wars can then be financed by the loose change.

How They'd Say It

THE COSMOPOLITAN: There was a tense, quivering silence. Her very being pulsated with the knowledge of his nearness; her breath came in short ecstatic gasps. As for him, he had the sensation of a worshipper—pilgrim, devotee—who, after months of penance—adoration, preparation—was allowed—suffered, permitted—to enter into the holy of holies; his brain reeled!

"Dearest," he whispered—murmured, muttered, breathed, exulted. The rest was lost—smothered in the gleaming glory—intoxicating fragrance, bright disarray—of her hair!

The Ladies' Home Journal: She sat beneath the elm, waiting; she wore a pale green muslin, a favorite of his, and following the line of its simple round neck was a slender string of pearls—his graduation present back in high-school days. At last she saw him crossing the lawn. Clean cut, faultlessly groomed, he looked, in his spotless flannels, violet-striped negligee shirt and white tennis shoes, the embodiment of American virility. A few strides and he stood by her side, silent for a moment, and gazing intently at the centerpiece she was embroidering.

"Dear," he began, and the robin on the branch above them burst into joyous song!

The Youth's Companion: My aunt has often told me how my uncle proposed to her. It was in the old pioneer days, and she was chopping down a tree for firewood; all was going well, but she had miscalculated the direction in which the tree would fall. Suddenly the trunk lurched toward her, and she tried to scream. My uncle appeared; with his right hand he flung her out of harm's way—with his left he bent the tree in the other direction. Then he helped her mount his horse.

When they reached the parson's after a twenty-mile ride he spoke. "Sally, I'll give you a comfortable home and take good care of you. Wood-cutting's too heavy work for a girl of your size!"

The Atlantic ——: —— (They wouldn't!)

Ruth Lambert Jones.

A Song of Cookery

YOU'D think, could you hear, that the sound were a rookery;
 'Tis but some maidens who chatter of cookery,
 What can be raised upon ground that is arable—
 Gwendolyn, Gladys and Mabel and Claribel!
 Sooth, you might deem that their comments were comical,
 But they are not, they are just gastronomical!

They have each read of a possible aridness,
 So, one and all, they are out for preparedness—
 Something that's new in the soup or the salad line,
 Like a poor bard who's in search for a ballad line;
 Something that's cheap, although cheering and succulent,
 Now that food prices are troubrous and truculent!

To them we tender our deepest apologies,
 They who once studied the arts and the "ologies,"
 Doted on laces and ribbons and bookery,
 For they have tackled the problems of cookery;
 Come down to earth from their stars and astronomy,
 And are now keen—are now keen on economy!

Clinton Scollard.



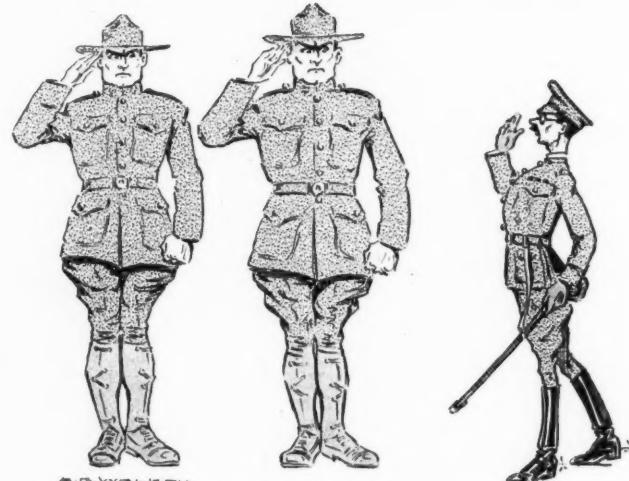
By Our Office Cynic

SOME people are so slow that they would wait until the sun rose before they shot a Prohibitionist.

The same argument that we use to convince ourselves that we know where we are going can be used to convince ourselves that we know where we came from. Yet we still go on knowing that we don't know where we were, and believing that we will know what we will be.

The ignorance that the average clergyman has of life in general could only be acquired by long practice.

Christian Science, if it ever came to trial, would surely be indicted in every Anglo-Saxon court of law, for its chief merit is that it deprives us of the pleasure we get in convincing the other man that there is a hell.



MIND VERSUS MATTER
 THE TWINS WERE ENTHUSIASTIC BELIEVERS IN THE THEORY OF
 EUGENICS UNTIL THEY WERE DRAFTED

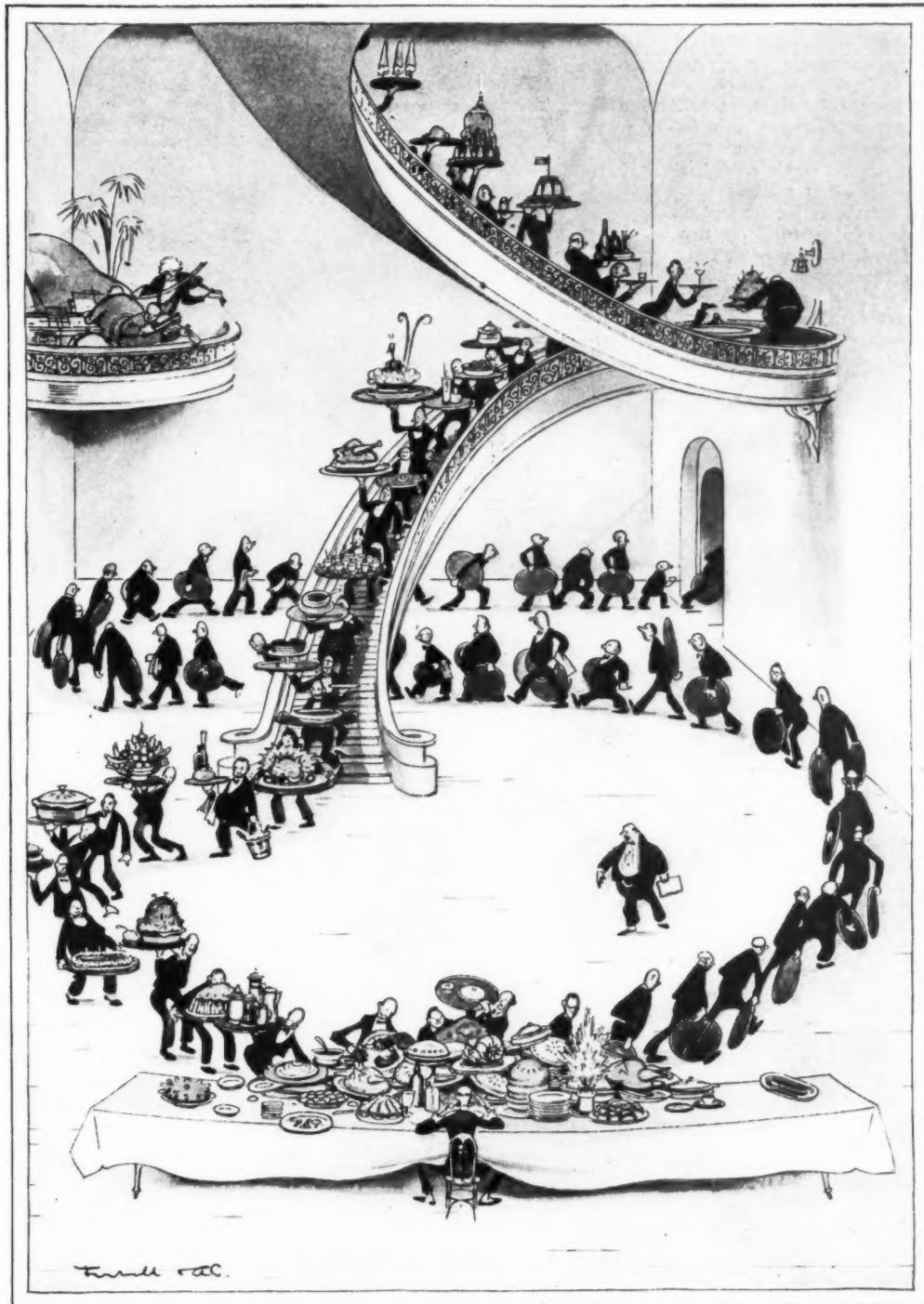
No Red Eagle for Gerard

ANYBODY who objects to Mr. Gerard's receiving the embellishment of the Bath, or something, from the King of England should recognize how slim his chances have become of receiving any token of gratitude or affection from the Kaiser.

The more his memoirs come out, the less Germany seems to be owing him.



Young Hostess (anxious to be rid of lingering guest):
 WHICH WILL YOU HAVE, TEA OR COCOA?
 Guest: TEA NOW, COCOA—LATER.



DID YOU EVER DREAM THIS WHILE LIVING IN CAMP ON PORK AND BEANS?

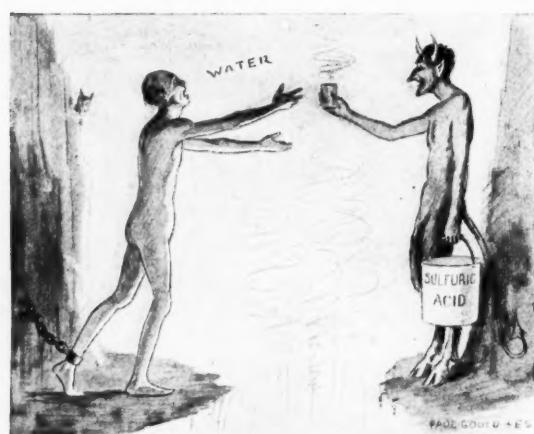
The Latest Books

MAYBE it has been the submarines. Or the fact that most of the printers' devils had gone back to the farms. Or because the home railroads were busy transporting troops. At any rate, the fall books have been distressingly late in arriving this year. For some weeks, indeed, book-reviewing conditions have closely resembled the spring situation in a German bake-shop; when, for a time, it is nip and tuck whether enough war bread can be baked from the husks of the old crop to bridge the gap to the new harvest. However, the crisis is past.

WHEN an overdue express arrives the bulk of the disembarking travelers is always outdistanced by a few energetic but harried-looking individuals who carry their own luggage and haven't combed their hair carefully. "The Soul of the Bishop," by H. G. Wells (Macmillan, \$1.50), makes something of this impression on one. Wells's last book was "God the Invisible King." It was a white-hot argument for the reintroduction of feudalism into religion—for the giving of complete human allegiance to a local, solar-system, lord-of-the-manor God whose relationship to the ultimate Creator was none of our business. The present novel is an earnest and interesting, but hurried and only partially fictionalized attempt to bring these spiritual speculations to the test of imaginative experience for us by dramatizing the alternate fervors and faith-failures of an orthodox Anglican prelate, groping toward the new light.



"LOOK HERE, WAITER. IT'S EVER SO LONG SINCE I ORDERED THOSE SNAILS."
"WELL, YE SEE, SIR, SNAILS ALWAYS IS A BIT SLOW, SIR."



FUTURE PUNISHMENT FOR THE MAN WHO TRIED TO SELL YOU "SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD"

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S "The Living Present" (Stokes, \$1.50) also hurries toward us with a certain breathless eagerness. It seems that Mrs. Atherton, who had intended, after a recent illness, to go to England to help in the work for the war, was persuaded by some of her friends to go first to France to investigate and report upon the part that the women there were taking in their country's struggle. And so enthusiastic did she become over what she saw that, after staying three times as long as she had planned, she hastened home to place the results of her observation before her own countrymen. Coming, as it does, at the moment when the seriousness of our own involvement is just beginning to dawn upon us, the eager personal note and vivid first-hand characterization of her report have much of the bugle-call's appeal in them.

THE most dishevelled and excited of these first-comers, however, is Alexander Harvey's "William Dean Howells" (Huebsch, \$1.50), a "study of the achievement of a literary artist." No one who reads the book—and it is distinctly worth

(Continued on page 559)



DURATEX

Holds Its Beauty

Nothing short of downright abuse will make Duratex lose any of its beauty.

As a matter of fact, a car trimmed with Duratex will make more than one trip to the paint shop before the wear and tear of ordinary service begins to have any effect on its upholstery.

Duratex is the finest and most expensive upholstery material made.

THE DURATEX COMPANY

Newark,

New Jersey



Then Things Happened

Though she was old she wasn't by any means incapable of supporting herself; and at the fresh, youthful age of seventy-nine she went into the business of providing teas for perspiring cyclists, and storing the cycles of those travellers who decided that they had better return by train. Her first customers were four young men who left their cycles in her charge while they explored the neighborhood. For each cycle she gave them a ticket with a number upon it.

Late at night the tourists returned.

The old woman led them to their cycles with a smile of self-satisfaction on her face.

"You'll know which is which," she told them, "because I've fastened duplicate tickets on them."

They gratefully thanked her; and when they found their cycles they discovered that the tickets were neatly pinned into each back tire!—*Tit-Bits*.

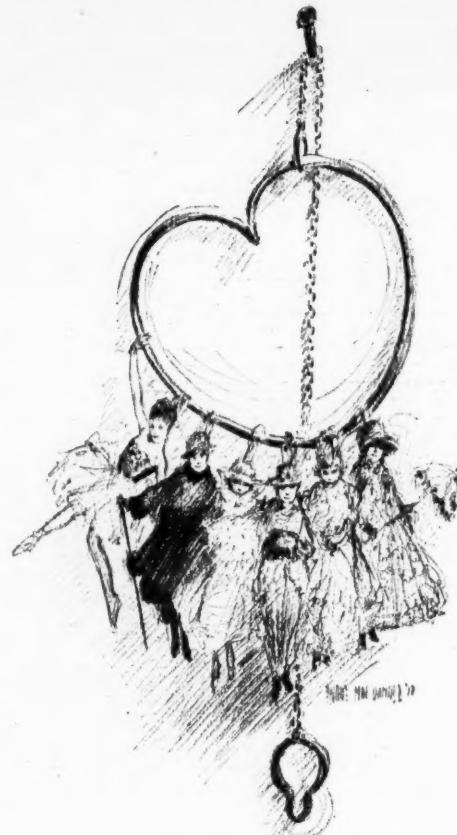
"Does your son who is abroad with the troops understand French?"

"Oh, yes, but he says the people he meets there don't seem to."

—*Baltimore American*.

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"Two are company."

"Yes, until after they are made one."

—*Baltimore American*.

Robbing Himself

"Germany's claim that she imports nothing, buys only of herself, and so is growing rich from the war, is a dreadful fallacy."

The speaker was Herbert C. Hoover, chairman of the American Food Board.

"Germany," he went on, "is like the young man who wisely thought he'd grow his own garden-stuff. This young man had been digging for about an hour when his spade turned up a quarter. Ten minutes later he found another quarter. Then he found a dime. Then he found a quarter again.

"By gosh!" he said, "I've struck a silver mine," and, straightening up, he felt something cold slide down his leg. Another quarter lay at his feet. He grasped the truth: There was a hole in his pocket."—*Washington Star*.

Only One of His Kind

Johnnie Jones was doing penance in the corner. Presently he thought aloud pensively:

"I can't help it if I am not perfect," he sighed. "I have only heard of one perfect boy in my whole life."

"Who was that?" his father asked, thinking to point out a moral.

"You," came the reply, plaintively, "when you were little."

—*New York Globe*.

"Two are company."

"Yes, until after they are made one."

—*Baltimore American*.

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Dealing in Futures

The old millionaire and his beautiful bride, after their quiet wedding, had a quiet wedding breakfast *a deux*. Astrakan caviar, eggs pompadour, a truffled chicken, fresh California peas, champagne—so the quiet breakfast ran.

"My dear," said the old millionaire, as the fruit course, a superb Florida melon, came on, "tell me, dear"—and he laid his withered hand on her young one—"do you love me for what I am or for what I was?"

The beautiful girl smiled down from the window into the admiring eyes of a young clubman who was passing; then she bent her clear, considering gaze on the gray ruin opposite and replied:

"I love you, George, for what you will be."—*New York Globe*.

A grave tooth danger—tender, relaxing gums



PYORRHEA, with a premature loss of teeth, is almost inevitable if you do not properly care for your gums. Here is the explanation:

As you age the body tissues naturally relax. You see the evidence of this tissue-loosening in the neck. It goes on in your gums too. As you grow older your gums shrink below the normal gum line. Want of care complicates the process. They become flabby, spongy, inflamed. Then you have Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. And many under forty also.

Don't let a tender gum spot develop. It indicates Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums indicate it, too. Immediately get Forhan's which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. Forhan's counters this gum deterioration even while it tones the gums and hardens them. They in turn stimulate the teeth. Forhan's in addition will scientifically clean your teeth. It is cool, antiseptic, pleasant.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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On receipt of \$3.00 I shall mail you a copy. If, after reading it, you doubt the efficacy of its teaching, submit the book to your physician and, if he disapproves, send it back and I shall refund your money promptly. Remit by check, money order or registered letter.

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FRANCIS CASHEL BROWN, D-76 Duane St., New York



A Little Too Thrifty

Secretary of War Baker tells a story of a country youth who was driving to the county fair with his sweetheart when they passed a booth where fresh popcorn was for sale.

"My! Abner, ain't that nice?" said the girl.

"Ain't what nice?" asked Abner.

"Why, the popcorn; it smells so awfully good," replied the girl.

"It does smell kind o' fine," drawled the youth. "I'll jest drive a little closer so you can get a better smell."

—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A LITTLE boy was on his knees recently one night, and auntie, staying at the house, was present.

"It is a pleasure," she said to him, afterwards, "to hear you saying your prayers so well. You speak so earnestly and seriously, and mean what you say, and care about it."

"Ah!" he answered, "ah, but, auntie, you should hear me gargle!"

—*Tit-Bits*.

A NEWLY published book tells of a tramp who found twelve thousand dollars and with it got into society. Not an ordinary tramp if he did with twelve thousand dollars. An efficiency expert.

—*Courier-Journal*.

THE first question Christopher Columbus asked the friendly Indians when he discovered America was concerning the whereabouts of LIFE office. "I have long been a regular subscriber to that cleverest of American publications," he said, "and I should like to see where it is published."



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The Latest Books

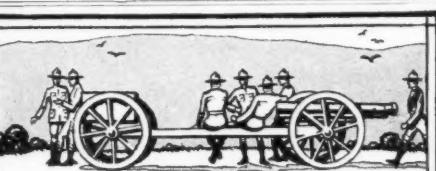
(Continued from page 554)

reading—will accuse the author of traveling without baggage. But he appears to have had all sorts of opinions on all sorts of subjects scattered all over his section when the train began to slow down, and to have hastily stuffed them, helter skelter, into whatever chapter or paragraph happened to be open.

A GERMAN DESERTER'S WAR EXPERIENCES (Huebsch, \$1.00) is negatively, rather than actively, informing at this stage of our mental picture-puzzling over the actualities of the war. It is written by an unwilling conscript—a young German workman of, apparently, typically "average" intelligence and individuality, with socialistic leanings and anti-militarist ideals. And it records, with little animus, but with even less animation, the "dumb, driven cattle" side of the making of war.

FRANCIS A. COLLINS'S "The Air Man" (Century, \$1.30) deals with the recent developments, and especially with the war-born aspects, of aviation. It is a popular, not a technical, treatise; readably written, interestingly illustrated, and glamorously infused with the fine spirit of this greatest of present-day adventures.

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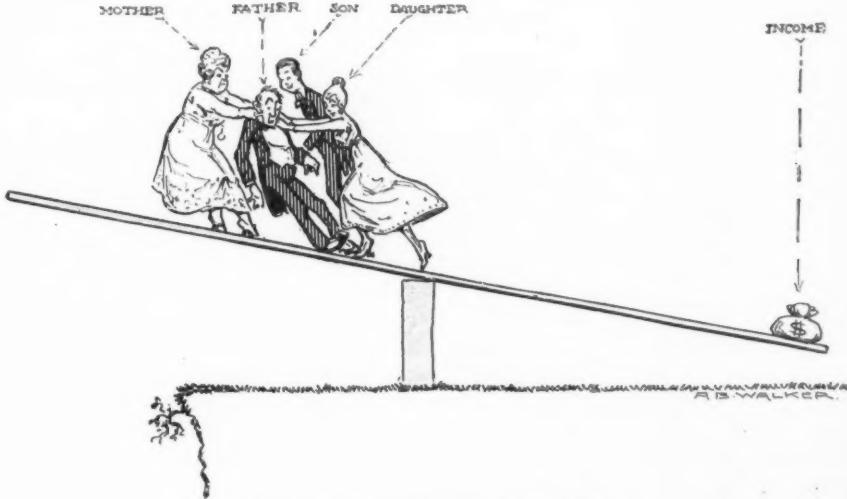
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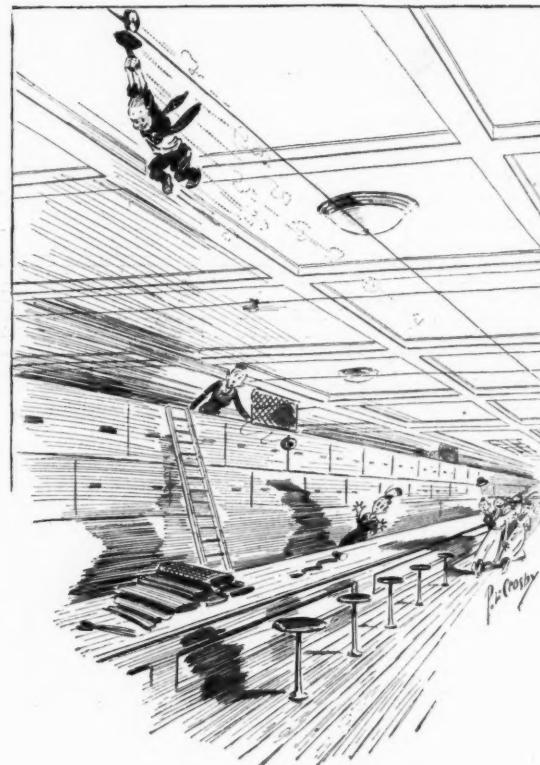
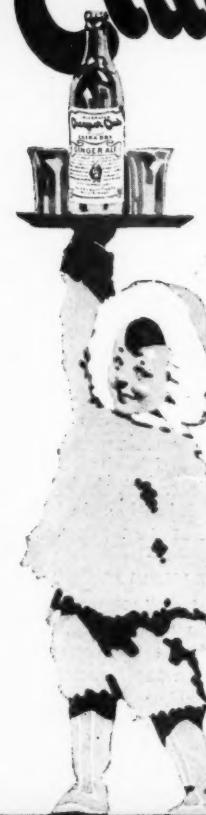
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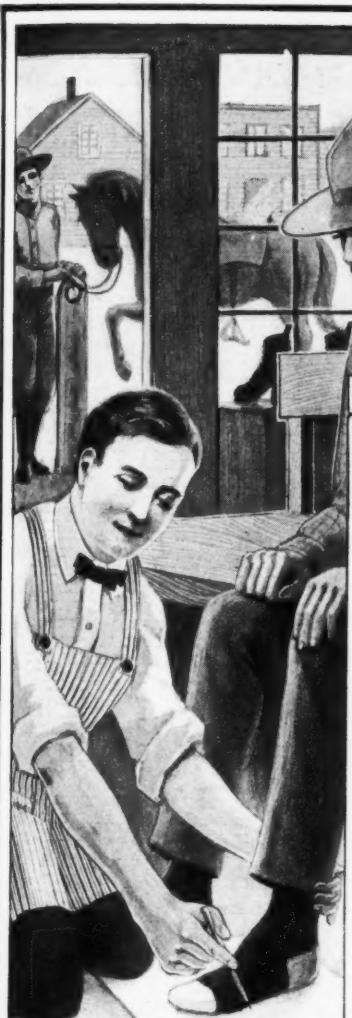
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For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers and 105 W. L. Douglas
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If he cannot supply you, take no other make. Write for booklet,
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\$3 \$2.50 \$2

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FOR THE
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We sell ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT, sending by EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME. We PREPAY express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want YOU to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

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FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, SHRIMP to cream on toast, CRABMEAT for Newburg or deviled, SALMON ready to serve, SARDINES of all kinds, TUNNY for salad, SANDWICH FILLINGS and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

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Fundamental

He looked at his wrist watch.
"Will you marry me?" he said.
She blushed.

"There is really no time to lose.
You see, I have only had twenty-four
hours' notice. I must report at head-
quarters to-morrow morning at nine.
We sail for France in three days. Will
you marry me?"

"I don't mind," she said. "Only—
I should like to make one condition."

"And that is?"

"I have dreamed for years of get-
ting married; but not in this way. But
I will marry you if—when you return
—you will propose to me all over again,
and we can go on a honeymoon, and I
can be courted, and—well, you know,
I am sure!"

"All right," he said, with a smile.
"To be honest with you, dearest, I
thought I was going to escape all that
—but I see it's no use. I might have
known better. Even a war like this
cannot keep a woman from having her
own way—especially about a wedding."

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Optimists, Maybe, But Not Quitters

THE Tribune quotes from the London *Times* the letter of an Englishman who describes himself as an officer, thrice wounded, and just bereaved by the death of his eldest son in action. He asks if the British government is going to tolerate the risk of wasted sacrifice to save the skins of some who have done little, by negotiating an inconclusive peace. Let us protest, he says, ere it is too late.

There is lots of peace talk nowadays in this country, and, judging from this officer's letter, it abounds also in England. But here, at least, there is scarcely any talk of an inconclusive peace. Almost everybody wants peace, and ought to want it, but almost nobody wants a bad peace. Some observers think peace is near, others think it is still a long way off, but nearly all agree as to the kind of peace that must be had. The guessers who think it is near base their impressions on American activity, French and British stability and power on the western front, and the German loss of man power, and fiscal and economic desperation. They think the Germans already realize that they are beaten, and are fighting now not for victory, but for terms. They believe that each succeeding month will make Germany more anxious to have the war stop and readier to make the concessions necessary to stop it.

Observers who think the war has still a long way to go consider that Germany is still far too strong in military power to quit. They think she will fight on desperately until she is crushed, and that the job of crushing her is still enormous and will take a good while. Some say it can be done in a year; some say two, three, even five years.

It is guess-work when the war will end. The Allies are much better off



"I'M INCLINED TO THINK THIS DOES NOT CONTAIN THE REQUIRED NUMBER OF CALORIES."

Sure—

"I'll put 'em on while you wait. Yes, sir, I know the kind you want. Every one says



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"It's the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping that people like. Then there are no holes to track mud and dirt into the house."

"You say they wear longer than the ordinary kind?"

"Why, yes, the Friction Plug not only prevents slipping, but adds to the wear. No, they cost no more than ordinary heels."



50c. attached, black, white or tan. For men, women and children, all dealers

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105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

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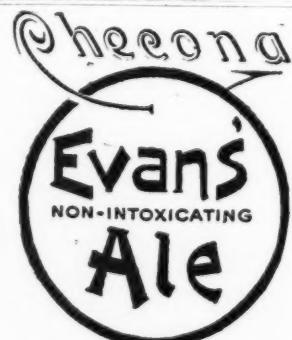
C. H. E.



"A RETARDED SPARK"

on the western front than they were at the beginning of spring, and Italy's gains of late have been very notable and important. Russia is a mess, but it is not there that the war will be decided. It may be a sign of an optimist to think the end is near, but it is not *per se* the sign of a quitter. Ever since 1914 there has been expectation of an early close of the war, and many who have had it have died fighting. They did not quit. Neither will the present hopefuls quit.

Kitchener's three years are done. It



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The Streamline is a man's watch, dressed in a style that will last—perfect balance, perfect harmony of case and movement.

The design is notable for its smoothly flowing lines. The "close up" view at the left shows how the bow flows into the pendant, and the pendant into the curve of the case. The clear, spacious dial is equally distinctive.

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Designers and Producers

is lawful to expect an early peace so long as one is firm that it shall be a satisfying peace. And remember this: that the people who want peace most and hope the hardest for it are those whose men are in the war and are doing their utmost to win it.

They may be optimists, these hopeful people; lucky for them if they are; but quitters they are not.

E. S. M.

SQUIRE SHANDY, father of the celebrated Tristram Shandy, was noted for his methodical habits. One of them was to make a list of persons to whom he wished to make Christmas gifts and then send a check to LIFE covering an annual subscription for each of them. Thus he saved himself a large amount of vexatious shopping, at the same time making each of his friends happy fifty-two times a year.

"Good-by, Jim, Take Keer of Yourse'f."

Jim was going off to war—the neighborhood didn't think much of him—but his father knew. And his father guessed the story to come. Yet these were all the words that came. Do you remember James Whitcomb Riley's story poem. That was in the Civil War. And to-day, again, all over the land, fathers are saying to their sons, "Good-by, Jim, take keer of yourse'f."

Like all masters of literature, his people and his poems and his stories are for all time.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The great spirit has passed on. "There's another good pal gone over the border." The dearly beloved of all America's grown folks who have stayed young, has passed away.

From the little child that wrote, "I feel sort of alone until I read your poems," to President Wilson who says, "I render my tribute of affection and appreciation to him," this nation feels the great loss.

But it turns with even more eagerness to the stories and poems he left behind him. More eagerly than ever does the small boy read "The Old Swimmin' Hole,"—more gladly do the mother and father read "That Old Sweetheart of Mine."

The quiet street in Indianapolis seems deserted and dead. Uncle Sam's mail service no longer has to bend beneath the burden of 10,000 letters going to that quiet house on the 7th of each October. James Whitcomb Riley has passed on, but his work is here for all his lovers.

Perhaps you think you "don't care for poetry"—yet you love James Whitcomb Riley. That's because his stories could only be told in verse—for he had a song in his heart—a song of all mankind.

Unlike all other poets, he dealt with stories of every day—things in all our lives. There is in all his work no bitter word. He is sweetness and light in these days of hatred and terror—a drink of fresh water to the thirsty and weary.

A Poor Boy in Indiana

He was a poor boy in Indiana—too full of life and genius for schooling. He traveled with a circus, he worked on a railroad, on a steamship. He made his living in a thousand ways—until one day—an epoch-making day for this nation—he published a modest little poem in his home paper. Soon the world sat up and took notice—James Whitcomb Riley became as much a household word as Santa Claus.

The world knew his quality years ago. Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes bowed to his genius. Mark Twain loved his "kindness and sincerity and admired his art," William Dean Howells wonders "at the passion for the homely things of life," and George Ade says that "Riley is the only one who hobnobs with the LL.D. and the farm hand at the same moment." And now, to-day, President Wilson says, "I render my tribute of affection and appreciation to James Whitcomb Riley."

His Heirs Desire Only a Small Royalty

The heirs of James Whitcomb Riley came to us, as the publishers of *Mark Twain*, and said that they would be glad to reduce their royalty so that we could place the works of the People's Poet in the homes of all those who loved him—so we are able to make the books at a very low price—for the present—a price we can pass on to you. We have planned a fitting form for these books—beautifully made—the easy-to-read, comfortable sort of books that James Whitcomb Riley would have liked.

"He was the poet of hope and cheer—the lover and friend of mankind." He is the only writer whose birthday has been made a state holiday. By the time you read this, Riley Day will be celebrated in Indiana. And Riley Day will be celebrated in your heart and your home if you send this coupon.

The generosity of the Riley heirs and the resources of Harper & Brothers give you a rare opportunity. Don't miss it.

Send the coupon without money for your set on approval to-day.

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Proclamation

Imperial German Honor List

I, WILHELM, by the grace of God, King of Prussia and German Emperor, Guardian of Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria, Proprietor of Turkey, Protector of Belgium, Serbia, Armenia, Montenegro, Roumania and Northern France, etc., etc.—

For meritorious service to ME and MY Empire, in doing their utmost to prevent the Government and People of the United States from waging effective warfare against ME, do hereby graciously bestow the following Honors:

On the United States Senators named below the distinguished Order of the Iron Cross:

LA FOLLETTE of Wisconsin,
STONE of Missouri,
REED of Missouri,
HOKE SMITH of Georgia,
HARDWICK of Georgia,
GORE of Oklahoma.

For writing or publishing certain editorials designed to bring about a peace favorable to ME and MY Empire, I bestow furthermore the Order of the Red Eagle, first class, with laurel wreath, on WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

I bestow the same Order of the second class on BERNARD RIDDER of the *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*.

I bestow the Order of the Cross, for exceptional and never-to-be-forgotten services to ME and MY Dynasty, in connection with the movement for an immediate peace regardless of justice, right or humanity, on :

DAVID STARR JORDAN,
AMOS PINCHOT,
LILLIAN WALD,
MAX EASTMAN,
FREDERICK LYNCH,
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

It is a need of my heart thus to give loyal men and women a mark of imperial favor and affection.

WILHELM, I. R.

(per THE VIGILANTES.)

—The *Cripple Creek Times* and *Victor Daily Record*.



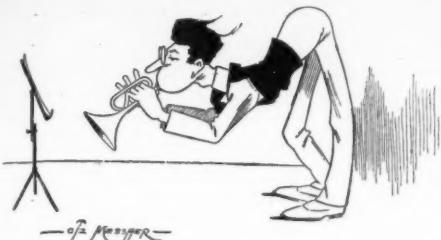
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WHAT
A YOUNG
BOY
DOUGHT
TO KNOW
STALL

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MUSICALLY INCLINED

The Privilege of Disliking Certain People

MOST of us, in our exalted moments, like to talk about the spirit of the brotherhood of man, which enables us to look with charity and sweetness upon all; not to discern the mote in our brother's eye, but to look upon him as being one to help and sympathize with.

I confess freely that I am not of this kind. I enjoy disliking certain people, and believe that my moral nature is benefited by it.

For example, there is Robinson. In my calmer moments, if I should yield to prejudice, I have no doubt that I might find good in him; but how absurd this would be! It would reduce him to the cheap level of those for whom I have no particular interest. Now I can pass away much delightful time in cordially hating him. When I have nothing else to do, I can always take a whack out of Robinson.

The same thing is true of Smith. Smith is not an ordinary villain. If Smith were not so absolutely contemptible, smashing his face in and kicking him downstairs would be a worthy occupation. I think of Smith, however, only in extreme moments when I want some excitement.

As for Jones, he always puts me in a calmer mood. Not that I hate him less, but in a different manner. It requires a certain amount of finesse to dislike Jones. By hating him bluntly and frankly I should feel that he was getting the advantage of me. He is the kind that would always get the advan-

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CHEWING GUM

MY GUM IS GOOD FOR A HEADACHE

Indigestion is prevalent. Indigestion causes suffering. Indigestion induces headaches and dizziness. 40% of all ills can be traced to indigestion.

Thousands of physicians knew this years ago. But I was the first to produce a chewing gum expressly to bring relief from ills of the stomach.

I devised a scientific formula for gum, as a food chemist.

Multitudes now use my gum to ward off headaches and troubles of the stomach.

Joe Beeman
Doctor E. E. Beeman



AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

tage of one who hated him in any commonplace manner.

These three are my main resources. When I seek a few hours' recreation, I always dislike them, and the enjoyment I receive is of such an uplifting nature that I would not willingly forego it.

I should now be afraid to discover in them any virtues, as it might rob me of one of my most permanent and enjoyable occupations.

War Gardening as a Reducer

I EXERCISED at stated hours,
I walked and banted;
But although I perspired in showers,
And panted,
And fasted, still I lost no weight—
And I was vexed; I never hid it—
Not any one of all of these
Could make me any less obese.
—But Hoover did it!
Mary Carolyn Davies.

Cape

Gloves are more than smart—
they're durable.

Unlike Suedes, they are dressed right-side-out and retain the vigor of the original skin. Fownes Capes are also washable,—kept fresh and sanitary with ordinary soap and water.

Style, comfort and war-time economy lead inevitably to Fownes—and to the conclusion that if it's a

Fownes
that's all you need
to know about a GLOVE

More Compulsory Vaccination

The following is clipped from a July issue of the Washington, D. C., *Herald*: "The entire War and Navy Department forces are to be vaccinated shortly.

"The English have steadfastly refused to make inoculation in their army or navy compulsory, on the ground that the cure kills more men than the disease would, and they point to the large number of persons who die from inoculation, in both England and America.

"The inoculation is to start at the War and Navy Departments some time this week, and both men and women clerks will be vaccinated in groups."

Readers may remember that before the war started the French authorities ordered all the nurses and hospital workers to receive the typhoid inoculation, but they threatened to strike in a body if the order was enforced. They had seen too much of the effects. The officials backed down.—*Homoeopathic Envoy*.

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From Hand to Hand

JUDGE LEARNED HAND gave *The Masses* a preliminary injunction to restrain the Postmaster from barring it from the mails.

Judge Augustus Hand denied the injunction, and cast the paper out.

The Masses may not circulate through the mails, but it passes from Hand to Hand. So far as that constitutes circulation, it has it.

A FAVORITE joke of Psattichus II was to steal downstairs every Tuesday morning before the court sat down to breakfast, secure the copy of LIFE, to which he was a regular subscriber, and then at the royal breakfast table to retail LIFE's jokes as his own. Thus he secured the reputation of being the wittiest of the Ptolemies.

IN these days actions speak louder than Bryan.

HELLO!
Are You
There?



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The most cheerful and stimulating of all magazines. A winter of it will keep you in touch with the social, literary, dramatic and artistic skirmishes in American life and insure you against dullness, boredom and intellectual old age.

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Attention! Forward March! Eyes right! Salute the coupon! Tear it off, fill it out and let *Vanity Fair*—all winter—keep you in step with the times.

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and thank you very much.



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I accept your offer gladly. It is understood that if the order is received in time, you will send it to the October issue free of charge. Canadian \$1.25—Foreign \$1.50.



Mother Nature was a hoein' her tobacco patch one day, Br'er Fox an' Br'er Rabbit came a trippin' by that way. Mother Nature says, "Here fellows is some Burley fo' your pipe, but you'll have to age it two years for to get it fully ripe."

Br'er Fox said, "I know better. That's a long, expensive way, I've a slicker, quicker method that will beat yours any day."

Br'er Rabbit said, "I'll follow your advice just like I should and I'll make mine into Velvet by slow agein' in the wood. Then I'll have a sweet, cool, mellow smoke that's fr'only as can be, it'll help to smooth life's rough spots an' to cheer an' comfort me." So now Br'er Fox is smokin' leaf that ain't quite fully ripe. But Br'er Rabbit's pattin' juba with some Velvet in his pipe.

Velvet Joe



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and ball-room

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and life histories
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and thank
you very
much
Lynn
XUM



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